A FAMILY AFFAIR, BY HUGH CONWAY

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE TRUTH AT LAST. Carrothers reached Munich late at night. Carrathers reached summer and at high,
He went straight to that comfortable hotel
the 'Four Seasons, and, feeling that the
hour was too late to begin his researches,
supped and went to bed. In spite of his excitement at the thought of being in the same
town as Beatrice, he slept so anlly. Man is town as Beatrice, he slept sonnily. Man is but mortal, and after traveling as fast as is possible from London to Munich, it takes a great deal to spoil a night's rest. So in the morning Carruthers arose refreshed and eager to begin the quest. But how to begin it! He was not even

are that its object was in Munich. Because the had written down the name of a picture it did not follow she was near that work of She might only have paid Munich a flying visit-might new be miles and miles away. He grew very despondent as be realized the slender, tragile nature of the clew which he had so impetuously taken up and followed. Nevertheless, he vowed by would not leave Munich until he felt sure it did not harbor the fuglities. He stepped through the swinging doors of

his hotel and stool in the broad Maxi-millian-Strass. He he-stated, uncertain what to do, which way to turn. So far as what to do, which way to turn. So far as he could see, his only chance of finding Beatrice was meeting her in the public streets; his only plan was to walk about those streets until he met her. At any rate he would do nothing but her. At any rate he would do nothing our he would then think whether he could apply to such persons as might be able to tell him what strangers were living in Munich.

He turned to the right, went across the Platz, and into the fair Ludwig-Strusse. He alked on with palaces on either hand until he came to the gate of victory. Preoccupied as Mr. Carruthers was, the number of magnificent buildings he passed greatly im-pressed him. However, he deferred his ad-

irstion until happier times.
A kind of superstition made him think it picture which had brough him so far. He inquired the way to the Old Pinakothek, and upon arriving there sought for and found the "Madouna di Tempi." He stood for a long time contemplating it, not became he so much a Imired it as in the horse that fate might bring Beatrice to his side. She did not come, so be bade the "Madenna" she did not come, so so date the "andrema adien, and after having run quickly through the large rooms and cabinets in the hope of encountering Beatrics, he left the building wishing that the living masterpiece he sought was as easy to find as that of the dend artist.

Keeping to what seemed the principal and most populous streets he found himself once more in front of his hotel. He started off in an opposite direction, went down the broad Maximillians Strasse. More paiaces, more statues, but no Bentvice. At last he stood on the stone bridge which spans the shallow but rapid isar. He stopped and looked at the curious artificial best of smooth planks over which the river runs; and then he looked down into the little triangular pleas-ure garden which lies between the two arms

ly engaged with a book, sat Beatrics. Her fittle boy was playing near her. It needed not the sight of the boy to assure Carrothers he was not mistaken. Like all lovers, he told himself be would have known that graceful head, that perfect form at least a mile away. Yes, there was Beatrice! "Madonya" had not led him astray. Had Carruthers been a Roman Catholic he might have shown his gratitude by the expenditure of ponods and pounds of wax candles. He stood for some time watching Beatrice.

Now that he had found her he trembled at his own set. He trembled at the thought of what he had to say to her, what she had to say to him. He comforted himself by the sourance that he had only sought her, broken through her concealment, for the sake of giving, or at least offering, such heap

as he could give.

After this he walked slowly down to the garden and stood in front of her. She raised her eyes and knew him. Her book fell to the ground. She sprang to her feet and uttered a little cry, a cry that sounded very sweet to Mr. Carruthers, as it was unmis-takably one of pleasure. At the unexpected appearance of the man she loved, for a mo ment there was no thought in her heart save that of joy. She stretched out her hands "Frank! Frank!" she cried. "You here!"



Frank! Frank!" she cried. "You here! He took her hands in his and regardless of bystanders gazed into her gray eyes. For a moment he could not speak. The sight of Beatrice, the touch of her hand sent the blood rushing through his veins. Days, weeks, months, he had pictured this meeting, and now it had come to pass!

She was fairer than ever—fairer than year! The pure classical features seemed even more perfect, the clear pale face more beantiful, the dark gray eyes more wonderful than of old. And, as she had given that little cry of joy, something had leapt into air eyes which Carruthers had never before sen there, or never before soon so clearly and undisguisedly. The surprise of seeing sim had swept away caution, and for the space of two seconds, Frank was able to

cend the very secret of her soul.

No wonder be held her hands and gazed diently in her face. What had he to say—what could be say? The certainty that she toved him made his task no easier-the task least a great part of it-the task of asking her to confide in him and let him help So he remained silent until she gently drew

The light had faded from Beatrice's face. was coming back to her own world and its troubles. Her eyes dropped and her face

"How did you find mef" she asked in By a strange chance. I will tell you how some day."

Frank shook his head. "Not now," he said. "Let it suffice that thave found you."
"But," said Beatrice with agitation, do

others know-can others find met If you He saw the display of fear, and bastered to reassure her. "No one save myself can learn it in the same way. Your retreat is

safe."

She sighed her relief. There was an awkward pause. Frank was the first to

"Beatrice," he said, "I have come a long to see you. I have much to say-you have much to say to me. Can we go to

may nave much to say to me. Can we go to some place where we can talk?"

"Yes, we can go to my home." Beatrice called her boy, and Frank, glad of anything to break the awkwardness of the moment, graveted the little fellow and male friend?

with him to such purpose that he insisted upon Mr. Carruthers holding his clubby hand and walking with him.

"What a pity to cut that bright hair!" said Frank to Beatries.

"It was more than pity—it was cruel, but it was cruel necessity," she said sadly.

Beatrice led the way to the house in which she lived. She walked with her head bent. she lived. She walked with her head bent,

she lived. She walked with her head bent, and as one in deep thought. She could not make up her mind whether to be glad or sorry at Frank's coming. She saw, however, that it put an end to her present mode of life. That it meant confession, revealing of everything. That it meant return to England and to such frienk as would still be her friends. That if it meant shame and sorrow, it also meant safety and immunify from execution. She because or result that from persecution. She began to regret that she had yielded to Sarah's wish to go to England and see Hervey. But that was not of much consequence. She felt sure that as goon as Carruthers learned her history her affairs would pass into hands more competent to deal with them than the hands of two

tent to deal with them than the hands of two weak women. So on the whole her feelings here those of relief.

And yet for some, for one reason, Frank was the last person she would have chosen to whom to reveal her secrets. She shrank from having to show the man she loved that her life for years had been one of deceit. Now that the deceit had to be confessed to him, it seemed to lose all the innocent us-ture which she had hitherto flattered herself it possessed. In short, if such a thing can be imagined, Beatrice felt, as Carruthers ones feit her to be, as an idel would feel when just upon the point of being buried

down from its pe lestal.

Carruthers, who had his own thoughts to trouble him, and to whom it seemed that any conventional remarks would at the preent juncture be meckery, respected her meditalicus, so that, save for the laping prattic of the boy, stience reigned until Beatrice found herself in her room with Frank sitting near her. It struck her as so strange that he of all others should be here. that even now she wondered if she was dreaming. She shunged his eyes, fearing to

dreaming. She shumed his eyes, fearing to read reproach in them.
"How are they all at home?" she asked. "How are my uncles, and dear old Haziewood?" Her eyes fill d with tears. Her emotion did not escape Carruthers.
"They are all well," he said. "I heard from Herbert a few days ago. He sent means letter."

our letter."
"Will they ever forgive mef" said Bea-

rice. "Will they over speak to me again:
"I hope so," said Frank gravely. "The re, or course, much vexed and upset." Beatrice glanesd at him nervously. Even he had but held out a hope of forgiveness— and he loved her. She wished he had not "Do they know my reason for leaving

England? she asked, timidly.
"No. They have hazarded many guesses, but not one has been near the truth." She started at his answer. The truch! Did he know the truch! If so, how had he Do you know why I left? she asked.

A look of pain settled on Carruth 'rs' face "Yes," he said, sofily. 'Chance has given me your story. But to me-only to

"Do you know all-all that I have don., all that I have suffere if" He rose. There was strange agitation in

"All" be exclaimed. "Beatrice! Beatrice! how can I find words to tell you what I know! Beatrice, did I not just now hear

I know! Beatrice, did I not just now hear that child call you mother?!"
"Yes, he is my son," she said, calmly.
"All!" continued Carrothers, excitefly.
"Need I know all! Need I be racked by bearing the one I love tell me all! Need I ain her by forcing her to hear met. Have I not heard enough! Why should I seek to roow moth?" "Let me tell you my story, Frank," she

mid, beseechingly.

"Not" He spoke in that imperious tone
which she had once before, in a slighter detree, noticed. "Not Listen to me. Benzrice, believe me. I have longed to find you. have sighed for this moment. If I have thave agned for this mement. If I have appreciately your secrets it was not for my awn ends. Bentric, when chance showed no where you were I came to you with but me object. This morning—even when, at cast, I saw you, I had but one thought. It vas to come to you, to say I have sought on because you are in distress, because on want help. Such help as I can give is ars. Without question, without the hope

f reward, it is yours."

Again she strove to interrupt him. He

theoret her.

"Listen: I have more, much more, to say, I have seen you again," his voice changed to one of supreme tendernes, "I have hold your hands. I have booked into rour face—the same sweet face of my freams. Beatrice, all is changed with me," he knell beside her and took her hands, "if ince I wished to know all now I say, tell once I writed to know an, now I say, ten me nothing. What is the past to met Hide it away, forget it, seem it. Our life begins to-lay. I love you. Bend down and tell me you will be my wife."

She forcibly drew her hands from his, cov-

red her eves and sobbed.

"You love me," he went on, pessionately.
"Is it for my sase you will not do this thing? ook at me road in my over what my hone lesires know that you have the power on making or marring a man's life. Beatrice My love, my only love, answer me!"

Once more he tried to take her hands. She

ore them away with a cry of anguish, and her cearful eyes rested on his troubled, up turned face.

"Frank," she said, "you are killing me.

Spare me and let me speak."

He waited in anxious silence until her obsided away and sustained speech was a ossibility.
"Frank, Frank!" she said. "You have

been misled. You have beard but half the truth. You love me, yet dare to think that if what you have heard is true I would be your wife. I cannot biame you for believ-ing. I have no right to blame. My actions have belied that belief. Yet in believing it, you, Frank, have given me the snarpest pain of all that I have known." Carrothers bent his head and prayed she

Carrethers bent as nead and prayed she would forgive him.
"I have nothing to forgive. From whom did you think I ft-d-from what dangerf Frank, I fled from the man who is my husband—the man who more than five years

ago took advantage of a girl's folly, married er and made her life a misery." Carruthers rose from his knees. His face was white as a sheet. He was the picture of

despair. A legion of Mrs. Millers would not now have caused hope to throw up the timest shoot. Her husband: The room cemed to swim around him.

When he recovered himself he saw Beatrice with the tears falling down her cheeks. The

sight was a bitter reproach to him. had he kept his vow! Instead of givin Instead of giving her comfort and aid he was but adding to her trouble. Moreover, a keen sense of shame came home to him. Instead of joy he felt frosh misery when Bestrice's words told him that her secret was not one of such nature as he had been led to believe. That his first thought upon hearing the truth should have been one of sorrow showed him that he had reached a depth of selfishness and degradation which no love could excuss or condone. He blushed for himself, an for the sake of his manhood strove until he regained composure. There was a strang-calm on his face when, once more, he drev

near Beatrice,
"Tell me all," he said, in a quiet voice. "No, don't fear for me." She glanced at him inquiringly. "Tell me all; I can bear it. I can help you."

She told him all. Told him without excuse, without even exaggerating her has band's sins against the world and against her. She told him without claiming mercy on account of what she had suffered; bu re was a pathos in her voice, an utter pelessness in her manner which told her His heart ached as he thought of her; his blood boiled as he thought of the villain who

had wrought this misery.

He heard her to the very end in stlence.

Throughout her tale she had not speken of her husband by any name; but from the first Carruthers guessed who he was. As

she tinished speaking he turned his pair tace to her. "The man's name is Hervey," he

Yes. Do you know him? "I have seen him twice." As he spoke Carruthers involuntarily elenched his bands, There was a kind of savage satisfaction in thinking under what conditions he last saw the regue. He wished he had struck even harder. He frowned, and his mouth grew hard and stern. Beatrice saw the facial

change.
"Do you blame me too much to forgive me, Frank! she asked, anxiously. He looked at her with eyes as soft and tender as

a woman's.
"Blame you? Who am I to blame you? "Blame you? Who am I to blame you? What have I to forgive? You have all my pity—all my sympathy. Again I offer you such help as I can give—such help as a brother can give a si ter. You will take this from me, Beatrice?"

She pla ed her hand in his. "Yes, I will take the learning of the place of the place."

take it. It is more than I deserve. Ah, me! why should my trouble enter into your life. His fingers tightened on hers. His eyes His fingers tightened on hers. His eyes sought hers. "Heatrice," he said, "I did not live until I knew you. You have a right to claim all I can give. Yet there is something I must ask-something I must know. You have told me much—will you tell me

I have told you all." "No, not all. Beatrice, life promises to be but a sorry affar for me. Let me have such cold consolation as it can give. Beatrice, let me hear you say with your own lips that had things been otherwise you could have loved me-would have been my wife." She met his eyes bravely. "Yes, Frank," she said softly. "I will say that. I will say

she said softly. "I will say that. I will say more. I love you now. Ah. Frank, re-proach me, blame me, when I tell you that although I know it meant unhappiness for you it was a sweet moment to me when first I knew that you loved me."

After this avowal there was silence for a minute. Then Carruthers leaned forward, "Beatrice, my love," he said hoarsely, "kiss

ne once. I only ask it once."

She flushed to the roots of her hair, yet she made no resistance. Carruthers drew her to him and for the first, and, for all he knew, the last time their lips met. He took, she gave, the one kiss. When it was over Carrithers released her from his em-brace and the two-drew apart. Here, no doubt, Mr. Carruthers will sink

mmensely in public esteem. He acted as ? hero is never supposed to act, or at least in fiction. He lost an opportunity. Every one who has studied the nature of true love as depicted by the modern passionate writers and skilled analysists of the human heart then and there clasped Beatrice to his heart and have sworn that love overruled every thing. He should have followed that one modest kiss by thousands. He should have said, "What is the marriage tie when two souls are in such ecstatic communion as yours and mine? He should have said. "There are other lands, Lands where no one knows us, where life may be a perpetual dream of love. Let us fly there and be sed." In the mad whirl of his passion such scruples as she, for appearance sake, urger should have been swept away, and, married or unmarried, he should have borne her off, his forever and ever! Yes, he lost such an opportunity that his conduct must be apple



" Beatrice, my love," he said, hoursely, He did none of these wild, passionate things True, that his love had carried him away sufficiently to make him willing to blot out an imaginary past. It was great enough to ruise and restore the woman he loved, but it was not great enough, or shall we say too great, to dream of degrading

CHAPTER XXXI

A WOMAN WITH A MISSION. Inspiration, as a rule, soars above the per tines of detail, and of all inspiration that one whose wings are worked by religion flie the highest and freest from trammels of custom and caution. A man or a wor inspired with an ethical mission to manity feels fully convinced that, provided the eves are kept stendfasily on the glorioursuit, the brambles which have for age choked the outh leading to the great god inspiration sinks to the dull level of wisdom Sarah Miller was a woman with a mission mission, however, of a personal, not of general nature. Her mission, as she read it was to insure the worldly happiness of her beloved mistress, and her faith in the in piration which prompted the task was such to make her believe that she would su

Everything in this woman's life turned or her devotion to Beatrice. Her mind was like a dark, sunless ruin, in the center of which springs one pure white marble column and that column her love for her mistres The wild wor is she once used when telling Frank Carrothers what she could do for sentrice's sake, if anything, fell short of the

It is absurd to suppose that any one of u entitled to such adoration from a fellow reature. Very probably David himself did not de erve Jonathan's unparalleled devo-tion any more than Beatrice deserved that of Mrs. Miller. Nevertheless, if human affection were doted out into the scale against personal merit most of us would fare ex-tremely ill in this world. Simple justice like pure republicanism, and many other indisputably correct things, works better in theory than in practice. Mrs. Miller's strang-worship of Beatrice must be sought for in causes other than the girl's merits or even her servant's gratitude.

This then was the emissary who wer of the flag of truce between her and Mauric Hervey. A strange intermediary yet pos-essing some valuable qualifications for the office, insomuch as she was devoted to her own side, hate I the foe, and, above all, was full of the belief that in some unknown way she would be guided so as to enable her to bring the negotiation to a satisfactory issue. She listened with apparent attention to

Beatrice's many and clear instructions; but her thoughts were in reality far away this matter she telleved she was called upon to act more the part of a principal than that of an agent. Beatrice, who was anxious to know how Hervey was to be found, had to rest satisfied with the assurances that Mrs. Miller would experience no difficulty in tracing him. Provided that Hervey was still in London her assurance was justified. for as his time on ticket-of-leave had no yet expired, his address could no doubt b obtained upon application in the proper

juarter. This was about the only detail Sarah had as yet stopped to consider. She had not yet thought how her end was to be gained, whether by threats or by entreaties. She felt that all she had to do was to meet the man face to face, and then she would

berself guided to act for the best

Beatrice, who had some misgivings on the score of allowing her faithful servant to make so long a journey unprotected, had carefully looked up rou es and trains. She familed that Sarah would travist in greater case and safety if she went to England via Paris by the great through express train which runs across Eurone from Constantimple to Paris, stopping only two or three times in each country which it traverses. So Mrs. Miller traveled in such luxury as a radway train can offer. She reached London without any mishap. Here she went to a friends, the one to whose care Beatrice's correspondence had been in-

Here she went to a frience, the one to whose care Beatrice's correspondence had been intrusted. After a night's rest had dispelled the fatigue of the journey she began the first part of her mission—that of finding Maur.ce Hervey.

until she ascertained where the register of ticket of leave men resident in London was kept; then, upon applying at the proper office and satisfying the authorities that she

sought the man for no evil purpose, the address was given ber. She took a cab and drove straight to it.

Hervey, who had by effluxion of means been thrown from the lap of luxury on to the hard floor of tare existence, was housed to that we like the new terms. in what was little more than a garret. In-deed the money which Mr. Field paid him on behalf of Frank Carruthers was the one plank between him and starvation. He had parted with his rings and other valuables. All that he could call his own was a decent suit of clothes. Tais he had clung to tenaciously, knowing that if it comes to beg-

ging, a fairly dressed man has a better chance of awak ming sympathy than one who is in rags and tatters. The contrast between decent broadcloth and empty pock-

ets is so painful that when asked one feels compelled to do semething to tone it down. He was sitting in his cheerless, sordid room, smoking his short pipe and working out schemes of vengeance and plunder much as he had worked them out in his secluded state in Portlan1 prison. He was cursing his own clumsiness and want of foresight, as indeed he cursed them at least a hundred times a day. He was unwashed and un-shorn, and his right arm, although nearly mended, was still in one of those shiny black slings. Altogether the man was in a condition of body and mind far from envi-

ing of the glorious life he would lead as soon as he could ascertain the whereabouts of his wife. Then he would be able to soar out of this slough of poverty, and eat, drink and be merry. No wonder then when after the ceremony of a slight knock, Sarah Miller opened the door and stood before him, a cry opened the door and stood before him, a cry of absolute joy sprang from his tips. Next to Beatrice she was the one he most wished to see. Now that she was here, Beatrice must also be accessible. His cheek flushed, his eyes brightened. If the privations which be had been enduring had at any time urged him to promise to himself that if good for-tune brought him again in communication with his wife his hand should rest lighter upon her, the thought vanished as his visitor crossed the threshold. His time of triumph was at hand, and his one idea was to wring was at hand, and his one idea was to wring all that could be wrung from her whose youthful folly had linked her life to his. He felt contempt for her weakness in having given him, by sending her servant to seek

him, the chance he so sorely use led. Sarah, with her white, thin face, as usual Sarah, with her white, thin face, as usual thrown into strong relief by her sambre garb, stepped towards Hervey and stood looking at him with that peculiar rapt expression which at times came over her features. As soon as he had recovered from his surprise at this unbopost-for visit, Herman and the waven contrady had for vey eyel the woman curiously, but for a while there was silence between them. Still she continued to gaze and gaze at the man, not in anger, not in fear, but as one actuated by motives of curios ty. It was a kind of gaze which no one could be expected to endure for long without showing symptoms of impetience.



Sarah Miller opened the door "What the devil are you looking at me

like that forf asked Hervey. His rough voice brought Serah back to herself. She ew her hand across her brow. "It is there, it is written there," she mut-"What is written there, you old foolf"

asked Hervey.

She made no reply, but her thin lips moved, and again her eyes glanced at him with a strange, wild look. "Sit down," said Harvey, sharply; "and

try and talk like a sens ble woman, and keep your wits from wandering." He pushed a chair toward her. She sat lown and seemed waiting for him to speak

again. "Well, what do you want?" he said. "I oppose she sent you?
"Yes, my mistress sent me." What firt Has she sent me oney, or is she trying to starve met Let

er take care. I shall flui her again some day."
Yes," said Sarah, in curious, me

"How much sit! Han 1 it over," She drew a small bug from her pocket. Hervey clu chal it eagerty. "There is fifty pounds," she said, in the same mechanical

way as tefore.
"Fifty p und?" exclaimed the man, flercely. "What does she mean by sending me a pattry sum like that! Fifty pounds

while my wife has thous in is a year! "Take it or leave it, as you choose," said Sarah.
"Pil take it, never fear. Oh, yes, Pil take it. Perhaps it's meant as a peace offering. Now let me hear what else you

have to say. You didn't come here just to give me this wretched sum."

Mrs. Miller rose from her sent and looked down into the man's upturned face. Her vo.ce when she spoke un ierwest a marvel-lous change. It absolutely rang with pas-

"No. Maurice Hervey," she cried. " coale to offer you the one chance, to show you the one way which is still open. It may be too late to tread it, but I say to you, show mercy and perhaps mercy may be shown to you. Be warned, I say, and leave that poor girl in peace. Live your life and let her live hers. She is one of God's chosen, Maurice Hervey. Beware how you war against Him. His anger is like a two-edged sword......" edged sword....."
"Keep your flights to yourself and tell m

in plain English what you mean."
"Take the money she offers you. Go an trouble her no more Hervey lengthed his mocking laugh. "My dear Sarah," he said, "your zeal makes you anticipate matters. I must remind you that

as yet I have been off sre1 no money,"
"But Miss Beatrice will pay you money,"
said the woman eagerly. "Oh, t"ke it, take
it! Go away and never seek her again." "Ah! now you're coming to business money will she pay!

money will she pay?"
"She will give you five hundred a year."
A scowl passe! over Hervey's face, but he
restrained the oath which rose to his lips.
"You are sure that's the best offer, Sarak?"

"And if I refuse, what then?"

Sarah cast a quick glance around, and showed that she fully comprehended the squalor of Hervey's presentable. "If you refuse it," she sait, "I shall go back to ber and tell her you canno be found. Then you will be left to starve. Starvation is hard work Maurice Hervey." work, Maurice Hervey,"
"You hag, 'cried Hervey; "you would lie

"I would do more than lie for her sake," said Mrs. Miller. "Will you take the

He shrugged his shoulder. "Needs must when the devil drives," he said, airily. "Yes, Sarah, I can't help myself, I must close with the generous offe. Now tell me where to the generous offe. Now tell me where to find my devoted wife, so that I may convey the news of my submission."
"You will take it? said Sarah, breath-

"Have I not said I must?"
"Thank Got!" As she spoke she her hands and normured words of thanks her hands and murmured words of thanks. Hervey watched her with a curious look on his face. She saw it and it startled her. "You will sign papers?" she said. "Oh, yes; I'll sign anything. Now tell

me where to find her.' "No. no. You cannot see her. She will get everything done. The lawyer will get the papers ready, and when you have signed

them the money will be paid."
"Very well," said Hervey, carelessly.
"There's nothing more to say, then." The readiness with which he acceded to er stipulations rouse I Mrs. Miller's distru "Do you mean to play me false!" she asked.
"Will you swear on the Bible to keep your

promise?"
"Certainly I will, but I am afraid there's no Bible in this house to swear on. A sad state of things which shall be rectified before you come again."

Mrs. Miller made no reply to his jeering

words. She opened a small bag which she carried and drew out a well-thumbed, worn ble. Hervey smiled his contempt.
"Place your finger between the leaves," she said solemnly, "then kiss the sacred book and swear, so help you God, you will keep your promise."
"It must be a left-handed onth," he said,

as he obeyed her. She clasped her hand over his, and when with a sneer on his lips he had taken the prescribed oath, she opened the book and marked the verse on which his flager had at random been placed. "Read," she sail, "and be warned." Hervey read:

"God shall likewise destroy thee for ever," Without another word she closed the book and left the room. As the door closed Her vey laughed a scornful laugh. He waited until she must have reached the street, then ran swiftly down the stairs. The lower part ran swiftly down the stairs. The lower part
of the house was used as a kind of marine
store, and in the shop were two lads of
about seventeen. He called one of them.
"A lady dressed in black just went out,
Follow her and find out where she goes

and I'll give you a sovereign."

The boy, who knew something about the state of the lodger's finances, looked amused. but did not budge. "Make haste, you fool," cried Hervey. "Here's the money waiting

The sight of a real tangible sovereign sent the half off in double-quick time, and utter-ly unsuspecting evil Beatrice's ambasedor was eleverly tracked to her temporary

Meanwhile Hervey returned to his garret Meanwhite Hervey returned to his garret in a joyful frame of mind. However matters might turn out, a comfortable change in his circumstances had taken place. The worst that could happen would insure him a comfortable income, but, so far as he could arrange it, he meant to avoid the worst. He meant to find Beatrice, and by the rown, he held over her force her to the power he held over her, force her to surrender to him all save a bare pittance. Let her only be once more within his grasp and he would take care that she escaped no more. He ground his teeth as he thought what he had already paid for an act of carelessness. The chance of recairing it was at last within his reach. He positively gloated as he pictured the horror with which his wife would greet him when he again invaded her retreat. He laughed in glee at the paternal right which furnished a weapon so sharp to smite, so irresistible, to compel her to yield to his demand. Yes, money and revenge were once more within his reach.

lits spy returned in due course. He had earned his sovereign, for he was able to give Hervey the name of the street and the num-ber of the house to which Sarah Miller had gone. Hervey laughed again. He dressed binaelf, visited the barber's, and then went

binself, visited the barber's, and then went to keep watch on Sarah's absde.

He watched until nightfall. Early dawn found him once more at his post. Noon and evening he was still there, and evening brought him the reward of his patience. A cab drove up to the door, a box was placed upon it, and a dark roles figure entered it. non it and a dark-volus door was shut and away It was scarcely out of sight when He vey rang the bell of the house and asked if Mes Miller was in. No, she had just left. Ah, that was unlucky; he wanted to see her on

important business. Where could be find "You'll have a long way to go unless you can overtake her," said the woman of the house, laughing. "She's just off to foreign parts.

"Going sbroad! Where is she going?" "All the way to Munich, wherever that may be."

His heart leapt. At any rate now he knew where to find his quarry. "Munich!" he exclaimed. "I must try and overtake her before she goes. What station is it?" "Charing Cross. I heard her tell the

He bade his informant adleu with scant ceremony. He hailed the first cab he saw, and was soon rattling in pursuit of Sarah Although he did not know at what time the train started, he was quite at case as to catching it. He knew the grace which a woman always allows berself in the matter of trains. He had judged rightly, for the first thing he saw upon entering the statio was Mrs. Miller at the office engaged in registering her box. He ventured to creep close to her, and heard her with the incre-dulity which a woman invariably displays when she surrenders personal custody of her luggage, twice inform the clerk that she After hearing this, Hervey slipped away took his ticket, and having watched Sarah enter the train took his seat in another com-partment. So that Beatrice's emissary as she started on her return journey, joyful at the apparent success of her mission, little thought that she was in something of the some position as the man who, according to the old German legend, carried unwittingly the demon of plague into the village which held all who were dear to him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PURSUED.

For hours and hours Mrs. Miller remained blissfully ignorant of the fact that the wheels which were bearing her to her desti nation bore also sorrow and ruin in the per on of Maurice Hervey. The fellow-tra ers did not confront each other until the next morning, and when the through train was well out of Paris. Sarab, indeed, had been all but invisible since she boarded the Dover and Calsis boat. The crossing had been a rough one, and sea-sickness claims precedence with the mind the most precedupied. Sarah had suffered much, and as soon pied. Saran had surfered much, and as soon as she found herself in the smooth-going train had sought forgetfulness of her woes in sheep. Hervey, who had no wish to pre-cipitate matters by an untimety revelation of his presence, had also effaced himself from general observation.

But some time after the train had left the Paris and Lyons station Sarah opened the door of her comfortable compartment and in the narrow gangway of the train came full upon Maurice Hervey. He was smok-ing and watching the flying landscape through the glass windows at the side of the narrow passage. He turned, looked at parrow passage. He turned, looked s Sarah, and laughed in cruel merriment e saw her gaze of horrified surprise.
"You!" she gasped. "You have followed

"Every step since you left my humble She turned away and re-entered the com-partment she had left. Hervey followed

her, and with a laugh threw himself down on the seat nearest to the door. The train was not full, and the compartments were small ones, so it happened that the two people were alone.

small ones, so it happened that the two people were alone.

It was typical of the man's cruel nature that he looked for ward with feelings of keen enjoyment to the torture which he meant to inflict upon the woman during those hours of travel, by forcing upon her the presence which he knew so unwelcome.

"Oh, yes, Sarah," he said jeeringly; "I followed you, and I shall never leave your side until you lead me to my beloved wife. It's no good thinking you can give me the slip. To save trouble I may tell you I know you are going to Munich. What a clever woman you are. Sarah. I am so much obliged to you."

She wrung her hands convulsively, then covered her face and monned. She had acted, as she thought, for the best, but this man's craft had overcome her. Her mistress was to be made to suffer, and tarough her. Through the one who would willingly sacri-

Through the one who would willingly sacri-fice body and soul to save her from pain! "Don't be sulky, Sarah," said Hervey.

"The game's up now; you may as well give in. Here, make yourself useful and fill my

in. Here, make yourself useful and fill my pipe. I can't use this confounded right arm of mine."

She took no notice of his request, but presently she raised her head and looked at him.

"Be warned," she said in low tones.
"Once more I say, be warned in time. Leave this train at the next station. Fly while you can."

you can."

He laughed scornfully. "Now, is it likelyf' be said.
She made no further appeal. She sank

back into stony silence, and from that time no remark, no question, no taunt of the man's could draw a word from her thin lips. Hour after hour went by and Sarah Miller sat in her corner motionless and silent as a

But her thoughts! Her thoughts were busy enough. They thronged and invaded her brain. They changed and shifted from ner brain. They change and antiter incoherence to systematic arrangement and back again to incoherence. Through all the jumble the one fearful truth shone out dis-

Mistress.

No food had passed her lips since she left
London. All desire to eat had left her when
she first caught sight of Hervey's hateful form. Her hands were hot; her veins seemed full of fever, and now and again a mist seemed to close round her, from which she emerged only to see once more the cruel

Hervey had food sent into the carriage. Hervey had food sent into the carriage. He also consoled himself at short intervals with brandy and water. He bought cigars, smoked them, and grumbled at their bad-ness. Sometimes be rose, walked out into the gangway and stretched his legs, but he the gangway and stretched his legs, but he kept a keen watch on the woman. Not a second time would be fail from lack of vigilance. For amusement he now and again taunted his companion, and his jeers, apparently unnoticed, drove her to the verge of desperation. Her hands grew hotter, her pulses heat with fiercer rapidity.

The sun sank: the twilight died away: the lamps were lit. Every hour, every moment brought grief pearer and nearer to Beatrice.

brought grief nearer and nearer to Beatrice. Long before another sun rose the train would be at Munich. The thought maddened the

white-faced woman. Shortly after the train left Stuttgart Shortly after the train left Stutigart the steward looked in and in broken English suggested that the beds should be prepared. Mrs. Miller shook her head, and signified that she had no wish to retire to rest. Hervey ordered nore brandy and also declined the proffered couch. The steward wished that he could have the refreshing or seed these named a couch and also declined that he could have the refreshing and the steward wished that he could have the refreshing and the steward wished that he could have the refreshing the steward wished that he could have the refreshing the steward wished that he could have the refreshing the steward that he could have the refreshing the steward that the steward that he could have the refreshing the steward that steward wished that he could cave the re-fusal of one of those unmade couches and the time to occupy it, shrugged his should-ers, and withdrew. The travelers were once more alone. In less than five hours the journey would be at an end.

Suddenly a wave of inspiration flooded

Suddenly a wave of inspiration flooded the poor woman's harassed brain. An in-spiration which made all things clear as day. A strange trilliancy shone in her eyes. In a flash she saw, or believed she saw, to what end these things were leading. God's hand was at work.

Had she not dreamed a dream in which

Had she not dreamed a dream in which Maurice Hervey figured! Had she not per-suaded herself when she first saw him that she had seen written in his face that his days were numbered! Was she not sure sure as she was of her own eternal con-demnation—that God meant Beatrice to taste happ ness as well in this world as in the next? The hour of deliverance was at hand. The last ration which had told her that her errand would be crowned with success was not that of a lying spirit. God was at work. Hervey had been led to take to break the promise he had made; and thereby accept the fate fore-shadowed by the fearful words to which his finger had fortuitiously pointed. This jour-ney, begun in craft and in deflance of God's warning conveyed through herself, would never be ended. She, by the light of her

wild faith, read the Divine purpose plainly as if it was written in letters of fire. If the line of demarcation between fanati cism and madness in the poor woman cism and madness in the poor woman's brain was not by now entirely obliterated, it had grown faint, blurred and indistinct. She was hovering on the verge of insanity, and the method which sometimes lies in madness was at work and supplying the los of the reasoning faculties. Now that the truth had come to her, now that she knew by inspiration why th's man had been pe mitted to trace and follow her and for while enjoy his triumph, she found hersel speculating and wondering how and by what means the interposition of the Divine hand would be shown. She waited for the moment when, from some apparently earthly cause, the cup of triumph would be dashed from his lips. She waited and waited, and although the hours passed with-out a sign, never wavered in her belief that

even at the last moment deliverance would be brought about.
Once or twice she turned and looked at her companion, and by the same strang fancy which had before seized her, per-suaded herself that the something which she imagined she saw in his face and which betokened approaching death, grew more and more distinct. She felt no pity for the man; nor would she have dared to attempt man; nor would she have dared to attempt a second warning; but she gazed on him with a kind of awe, raised by the thought that in a brief space of time this wretched creature would be lying in the place appointed for him, lying there, and to lie there, forever, and ever, and ever!

Her madness if it may be called medicare.

Her madness, if it may be called madness deepened as the time passed by. After all, in spite of its claims to superiority, the mind is but the slave of the body. The yoke may be thrown aside for a while, but sooner or later its pressure becomes apparent. Fa-tigue and want of food were, with Sarah Miller, completing what distress had be-gun. Yet to herself it seemed that she had never seen things clearer, never reasoned more cogently than at this moment when her brain was taxed beyond endurance.

How would God act! Would He strike thi man dead as he sat there! Would something frightful happen! Would the train be over frigatal happens and made her, every jolt as the wheels passed the points sont a thrill through her and made her fancy the moment was at band.

No. This could not be the appointed nethod. Merciless as her creed taught her method. Merciless as her creed taught her to believe the One to whom she prayed, her sense of justice forbade her to suppose that many other lives must be sacrificed for the sake of destroying Maurice Horvey. She must wait patiently and in faith, not anticit pate God's purpose. But the time was growing very short!

Suddanly she turned and knell on the

growing very short!
Suddenly she turned and knelt on the floor of the carriage. She offered up a prayer that things might be made clear to her; that her agony of suspense might be brought to an end. Hervey watched her and laughed aloud.

"Quite right, Sarah," he said. "Never neglect your religious observances."

seglect your religious observances. I am afraid you can't pray yourself out of this The sound of his voice gave another and a fresh turn to her thoughts. At that me er and a ent her prayer was answered and every-ting grew clear. The clouds which tronbled her rolled away, or it may be, closed

bied her rolled away, or it may be, closed round her to break no more.

She shivered, and still kneeling, turned her face to the speaker. Her look for a moment startled him in spite of the contempt he felt for her religious vagaries. And well it might startle him.

Now she knew all. She knew why she had lived. She knew to what she was predestined. Cycles ago this moment had been decreed. It was she whom God had appointed to remove this man from the path which led one of elect to happiness. The belief that ages and ages before she was born, her place, not only in this world, but also in the next, had been irrevocably fixed, the terrible conviction that she was one of the many doomed by God's will to eternal torture, a fate which not the prayers of a lifetime, or the conduct of a saint, could avert or in the slightest degree mitigate; this fearful belief closed round her like the walls of a prison from which there is no escape, from which death itself there is no release. How in such a state of mind could she turn with feelings of love and adoration to the Supreme Being Who had doomed her to such unutterable woe! No, she could fear Him, tremble before Him, abase herself at His feet, pray her wild hopeless prayers, but such love as she had to give was fain to be. His feet, pray her wild hopeless prayers, but such love as she had to give was fain to be-stow itself upon an earthly object, and for the want of a better that object was Beatrice.

Even as Jack, even as Judith, had their mission so had she, Barah Miller, a mission equally terrible, that of slaving a man whom God had doomed. With her brain flooded, permented by this one fearful thought, the woman rose from her knees and resumed

her seat. Everything, she fancied, with her mind Everything, she fancied, with her mind bewildered in reality, yet to herself seem-ingly clear, pointed to the carrying out of this decree of dest.nv. The solitude, the night journey, even the man's half-belpless condition were but details of a settled scheme. The opportunity was here, only the way and the means were wanting. These in gool time would be vouchsafed to her. She would be shown how she, a weak woman, was to take the life of a strong

Little did Maurice Hervey, as from the effects of fatigue, cigars and brandy he sat half dozing in the corner of the compart-ment, dream what thoughts were passing through the mind of the woman near him. To him she was nothing more than an ad-dic-headed sort of creature, who once upon a time had done a great deal towards bringing him to ruin; an act for which he rightly believed he was now paying her in full. How was she to do it! Time was possing,

and yet the path was not yet pointed out. See, the man's eves were closed! Had t' moment come! If she had a knife she might even now drive it into his heart! Bu she had no knife; had nothing which woul! serve her need, or rather God's need. Suddealy she remembered, as one remembers dream, that hours and hours ago she beseen a fellow passenger opening a bag, a had noticed on the top of that bag a pis of Had she been allowed to catch sight of t mais she test minowed to catch sight of the weapon for the purpose which she was deputed to carry out! If so, where was the pistol, and how could she get it into ler bands! She rose, and without any settle object, passed Hervey and stepped out into

the gangway.

Her movement awoke him. He put hi head through the door and watched her as a sat watches a mouse. Sarah went the length of the long carriage, but found nothing to guide her to her end. Every door was hermetically sealed. It seemed as if she and her companion were the only per-sons awake. The only sound heard was the

on and on through the night.

The woman returned and resumed her meat. The means had not yet been give her. A phantom of common sense at flitted through her mind. If she killed t man in such a manner it meant arrest a trial of herself. It meant shame and ax posure to her loved mistress. No, she mu-wait yet a while. God had not yet spoker

the last word; not yet snown the exact way in which His work was to be done. Yet her belief never sweived, never wavered; Or not until she knew that the end of the long, dreary j urney was close at hand; not until a kind of instinct told her that in a few short minutes Munich would be reached. Hervey, whom necessities had deprived of the means of telling the time, was still sleening his wakeful and suspicious dog's sleep. Suddenly the long, shrill whistle sounded. The man started up, wide awake, and for the first time for hours a doubt ato her true reading of God's purpose flashed through Sarah Miller's brain. The time was so short. There was so much-so much

to be done. The way was still in darking She clenched her hands convulsively, disging the nails of one into the flesh of the other. She glane d once more at Hervey's face which, from his fatigue looked pale and wan. She rose, and mechanically, like one in a dream, stepped out of the compartment into the dimly lighted gangway. Hervey

followed her.

Without knowing why or wherefore, she walked the whole length of the carriage. In a dazed way she opened the door at the end and stepped out into the open air. Hervey followed her and the door closed bakts-them, and the man and the woman stood aione on the iron platform which lies be-tween one carria; and its forerunner. The train had not yet slack-ned speed.

the wild rush still whipped the naturally calm air into a fierce gale. The woman's dark hair, which had become untwisted, streamed behind her in elf locks. A tail black figure, with a white, a death-white face and burning eyes, staring fixedly at the destination to which the train was hurrying the work which she yet believed she was

loomed to execute.

The night was cloudy and moonless. Some way ahead, a little to the right, the lights of the great city lit up the dark sky. It was on these lights that Sarah Miller's eyes were fixed, her lips the while muttering inaudible

For a few moments Hervey stood in silence by her side. Then he spoke. "It's no good, Narah, you can't give me the slip. follow you everywhere. Be a sensible woman for once, and don't give me more bother." She spoke, but not in answer to his words, She spoke, but not in answer to his words, in "That glare! that red glare!" she cried, in a thrilling voice. "Look at it! Look at it well! Do you know what it means to you

Before he could reply she answered he own question. "It is the red glare of hell, she cried in still wilder accents. "The glare the fire which burns for you and for me The shrick! Hear the shrick of the damned! Once more the whistie sent its pierci . scream of warning far on the night air; a in another moment the strong brakes won have fallen on the great wheels. Herve

really startled by his companion's wild be a

ing, turned to her savagely.

"Here, no nonsense!" he said roughly.

These were the last words he spoke. denly, and without the slightest warming the woman threw herself upon him. fig. arms clasped him with the strength of frenz Her weight threw him off his balance. I staggered backwards. He made one wi grab with his uninjured arm at their on ra missed it, and most likely could not have he it had he caught it, then slipped down to three or four iron steps, and, with the woman arms still holding him, the two fell with fearful thud on to the six foot way. His cry-if he had time to raise one, was lost in the if he had time to raise one, was lost in the rush of the train and the shrick of rush of the train and the shriek of steam-whistie. All was over in a secon the train was speeding on, leaving behind a dark mass lying between the up and down lines. At the very last moment way had been made clear to Sarah Mil Even as she fell with her victim her thought was of frenziel joy that she found the means to do God's work.

For a minute or two after the last riage of the train had sweet he that his

riage of the train had swept by, that bi mass lay motionless in the six-foot w Then part of it began to show signs of I Slowly and painfully the woman detac herself from her victim. She rose to kness, and remained there staring fixedly the white face that looked up to her ov Her frenzy for the moment had passel a she scarcely knew what had happened